Roughing a River of turbulent waters
I see an Ocean of calm blue
Crossing dense jungle in the Amazon
I see the fresh cut grass of the village ahead
And no matter where I am or how
how hard things are I shall never
give in. Ahead is where one must
look, things can only get better
if you see them doing so.

6/15/86

Summertime (a daydream)

There we lie on a blanket of
white in the noon sun
The wind caress our faces as lips brush
lightly against cheeks
Nature seems to be in accord with the way
we feel
Trees are bending one by one as if they're
doing a very slow tango
Birds are serenading us with the sweetest
of songs
Squirrels are eating the finger sandwiches
as if they know we have no intentions of doing
so.

6/15/86

Jan 21st 94

"If I was your Girlfriend"

We never got there, we almost made it, came very close but the closer we'd become, the harder it became to walk away when the time came. It always comes, "the time", that is; it waits for no one. Lovers, fuck buddies, strength courage, endurance, we'd been all of those things ~~to~~ each other, but never girlfriends. I think we missed out on the best part of Loving.

SIMPLY SAID

(OBSESSION)

I LOVE YOUR SHIT STAINED DRAWERS
I LOVE YOUR SLEEP FILLED EYES
I LOVE YOUR FUNKY MORNING BREATH
I LOVE THOSE EXTRA INCHES ON YOUR SIDE and AROUND THE MIDDLE
I LOVE YOUR PATCHY SKIN AND YOUR CRUSTED FEET
I LOVE YOU / ONLY YOU

5/21/87

So bitter am I
So full of lust and wanting
I take and recieve and take
Yet I give so little
More I cry more damnit!
I crave for those I feel
lesser than I
So that I am still left riding
high

4/28/87

Life is a never ending cycle of extreme
period of happiness and deep lows
of depression, discontentment and heartache

Realizing this is the first step in utilizing
over energy to tap the universe for those
things that will even the odds and help
us to live through this hell on earth

In you I see a world anew, a place that has been nothing more than a dream. From nowhere, you came, leaving me breathless and filled with the desire to know all that you are. To again explore my heart, release my soul. They are, as I am yours for the asking.

Love Carl

9/06/81

20103

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	AP.	SALAD	VEGETABLE	POTATO	BEVERAGE	DESSERT

May 13 1880

I had never dreamed that this mildness
called Love was an emotion so all
encompassing as it is
It totally consumes the entire body
mind and soul
Leaving all in its path weak and
devastated
Your whole existence in the hands of another
to control
Quite a deaf experience it is

I looked downward he strode
up from nowhere it seemed
Like a Lord prevaing newly
acquired property
Searching for where he thought
was his, I write him
One the least welcom you to
wrist beside thee

Edward Proctor 1/25/88

I see you there
There in the midst of men, concrete and steel
So out of place there, yet it's home for you there
A test of your façade - or a place not to pretend?
Which? I fear I shall never know
So content were you - so manipulative were you - without even trying

Sea tommorrow 5/21/87

Why am I so blind
Why could I not see those things
that were here
Why did I go off endlessly into
the night in search of that
which is here @ home

12/28/88

I keep wondering why?
But Love is much more than you and I
More than we know
It not controllable, you can't turn it
on and off
You'll only insure to love.

3/15/94

I gave everything that I am in an attempt to cut time and pain in half. I surrendered all of my body for your pleasure and fulfilling of any fantasies you had.

I shared with you as much of my innermost thoughts you could bear.

I even let you peek @ what is the essence of my being my very soul.

6/21/93

Coming back to you
the second time around
it's more of a battle
Once bitten, twice shy
Two hearts deadly and
afraid of breaking
Two souls desperately in
need of feeling

7/28/95

WITHOUT A HOME OF YOUR OWN

I OPENED UP MINE TO YOU
Alarm went off from the beggining
Loneliness secured your SHELTER.

TONY

9/22/93
9/23/03

So what are the forces called that cause a emotions to mutate. From awe inspiring, to a malignat respol of suffering.

Silence hinders an already lengthy process of earning trust
Therefore we interput the feelings of others, based on our own experience, often inaccurately.
Act on the assumptions and begin a cycle of exchanges based on assumptions that we have not verbalized to be verified.

POEM #500

Stabbed in my heart with a knife forged of fear and confusion
Afraid of questioning what youve been told has always been here, has no origin & end
Been shown no real proof, everything has a beginning
(Religion would not hold up in court)
Retreating to the comfort of a mindlessly euphoric psycotic nothingness (Soothing Calm)
Yielding, always, denying first leading to lying
Embracing what you with you had the strength to — to (Alienately me)

When places and spaces have all been
used up, where do I run to
There is no one to go to beyond myself
I retreat there and I am comforted as the
Spirit moves me to listen while the divine
entity embraces me
Reassuring me that my body is my temple
and Holiest ground.

3/20/86

Yet I seek that which few have and no men know.
A jim most precious throughout all lands,
Yeah a simple one, but nonetheless, precious

Is the need in me too strong to recieve or have & not yet paid the price

3/20/86

The pain grows deeper, & grow colder
Shutting up, shutting out
Crying, moaning, begging and pleading
The days are shorter, the nights longer
Anticipation, waiting — craving
Lust and passion nip at my soul
I look to the horizon - no white horse — or one of my color
When will my ship sail in

Trying to make the pieces of shattered dreams fit together again
Wanting to accomplish too much too soon
Time is more of an enemy than a friend.
Weakness means you can eat desperation some dollars for hostile
Strength you latch on too in a attempt to make it your shelter, your night in shinning armour.
Hoping, sometimes even praying, salvation comes by way of rescue from yourself
The physical embodiment of all that you desire.

2/07/92

I think of you often
No matter how many times I try
and place you in some far distance
corner of my mind
I wonder, quite often, how someone
can feel so completely loved by someone
and still hurt them
What I had never realized, I guess until
now
Love never is of much comfort to those who
feel it most
I've questioned myself a million times
Did you Love him enough?
Did you Love him too much?
It was always a matter of being too
~~of~~ pressure one way or ~~another~~
Finally I stopped thinking and just started
doing, it was so much easier to do
Being home seems to drag me nearer
to where my heart actually is
Still here where it all began some 9yrs.
ago
Being home also helps to make me a little stronger
A little more willing to put my feelings
into perspective about you
Funny, I was just thinking about the
last time I saw you
Friday night @ Lee (Lorettas)
That was a test for me, I was even
surprised @ my reaction
I didn't care that you were there much,
unless you count those feelings of
death I had towards you
Faces along with yours helped me
to a place where I could despise you

It's so much easier to loathe someone, if you
Love them
Even the hate and loathing exist on the
foundation of the emotion that gave birth
to them → Love
I can't think of a stronger foundation to
build upon
You tried me that night, once you were
sure I'd seen you
Prancing your BIAK ASS up to me to see
if I could resist
Surprised when I did, weren't you?!
Did you feel the heat from my body rise?!
Did you see your reflection in my eyes,
deep with hurt, anguish, anger.
Is that what you were looking for? Is that
what you expected?
It couldn't have been, why else would you
be waiting near the door as we (Leon + I)
exited for the evening
I could have spit in your eyes, should
have spit in your eyes
I felt my only wish after you walked out
on me was to be moved
Moved to an extreme; where I would be so
overcome with something that I would
be able to kill you or myself.
Unfortunately I'm not weak enough to do
either
So I silently suffer, sometimes, loudly (to others
wrestling with the aftermath of emotions
deep enough to choke in
Everytime I come to term with one
coping mechanism something

happens and I have to regroup to deal
with yet another intrusion
Caused by you brought on by you.
Your latest little attempt to get my
attention has worked (sleeping with MARK)
As usual you have proved that you are
about as low as they come
My only hope is that I never get down
there with you
I watched you lash out @ me when you felt
like you were the one hurt, or in some cases
were the one hurt
I can truthfully say, you're no match for
me, without ever having to get that low
with you
My imagination has allowed me the
chance to explore ways of repaying you
and everything you've done to date pales
in comparison to the things I wish or could
make happen to you
Then my thoughts are why?! You are already
a tortured soul afraid of simply being
you
You don't look in the mirror as I do, and bask
in the glory of all that you are
You're persecuted by too many demons,
haunted by too many unseen forces.
I sum up on too many words MAN/GAY
RIGHTEOUS/SISSY/GOD
Your conflicts too severe; so I pity you.
That's the last thing I'll give you, my
pity.
It's the only thing I feel I have left for
you
You took everything else and fucked it

until all the joy went out of it.
What ahead— What's next
I can honestly say for me I see a vast
world of change positive forces are raging
And of course death looms in the future for
us all
But for me it seems that death has a very
special meaning my rebirth and cleansing
And for you, I'd have to say I don't care
Mean it!
Don't get me wrong, the flame still flickers
and ~~desires~~ my body still yearns for
your touch late in lonely hours
Yet I know within my heart you will
never be what I want in a man
And I will never be what you need in
one, so why go on trying to create
what does not exist
That is why there is no need for conversation
or communication
We're too far away from each other to be
of any Consequence to the other.